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HOME AGAIN.

Home again! Mother, your boy will rest,
For a time at least, in the old home nest.
How good to see you in your cornered nook
With knitting or sewing, or paper or book;
The same sweet mother my boyhood knew,
The faithful, the patient, the tender and true.

You have little changed; ah well, maybe
A few gray hairs in the brown I see;
A mark or two under smiling eyes,
So lovingly bent in glad surprise.
'Tis I who have changed, ah mother mine
From a teasing lad to manhood's prime.

No longer I climb on your knee at night
For a story told in the soft firelight;
No broken slate or book all torn
Do I bring to you with its edges worn;
But I'll come to you with my graver cares,
You'll help me bear them with tender prayers.

I'll come again as of old, and you
Will help the man to be brave and true;
For the man's the boy, only older grown,
And the world has many a stumbling-stone.
Ah, mother mine, there is always rest
When I find you here in the old home nest.
—*Abbie C. McKeever.*

LIFE AT SEA.

The Day's Work of the Sailor Not Attractive.

Washing the Deck and Using the "Holy Stone"—Painstaking Weevils Rioting in the Sea Biscuit—The "Dog Watch" Etc.

The day's work may be said to begin at half past five in the morning with the operation of washing the decks. When the clock underneath the break of the poop indicates that time the ship's bell is struck thrice; it is "three bells." As the sound dies away the boatswain utters a stentorian "Turn to," and the hardy sailors prepare for toil. They first put down their pipes; for they have been enjoying a delightful smoke after the cup of dubious coffee served out to them in their panikins at five o'clock. Then, if they are in warm latitudes, they divest themselves of their shoes and stockings, turn up their nether garments, and display to the eye of the observer a ludicrous variety of manly calves and bare feet. Two men, perhaps, proceed to the pump and begin to fill the wash-deck tub; three or four others arm themselves with brooms, and there remain one or two sailors to pass along buckets of water for the boatswain to dash about. There is a peculiar art, only to be acquired by considerable practice, in throwing a bucketful of water on to the deck so that it may spread about properly. Cast from the professional arms of the boatswain, the water falls with a familiar "smack" just behind the bare-footed mariners with their brooms. It sweeps playfully over their feet, and immediately they begin to scratch away as if they were determined to destroy the deck. So bucket after bucket is dipped into the wash-deck tub and passed on to the boatswain. In some ships he uses a hose, and then more men are able to apply themselves to the brooms and scrubbers. If a ship is nearing port and the captain wishes the decks to appear particularly white, certain articles very familiar to seafarers are employed in the operation of cleaning. These are denominated, by some nautical freak of diction, "holy stones." From the mere name we might imagine them to be the treasured fragments of some classical shrine, but in reality, they are most humble pieces of sand stone, about the size of half a brick. Poetry abandons the nautical mind when the seaman uses the holy stone. Picture to yourself half a dozen bronzed and bare-footed mariners, on their hands and knees, lugubriously scrubbing the decks with these stones, so that people ashore may exclaim: "How beautiful a ship looks."

The men wash and scrub away until about 7:20. At this time a tinge of hope and pleasure asserts itself in their minds; the happy morning sleep of the watch below—their comrades off duty—is about to be destroyed. Somebody goes to the ship's bell and strikes it seven times; it is "seven bells." Immediately one of the scrubbing sailors runs with bare feet to the forecastle as if he had just heard some beautiful melody and was determined to follow it to its source. But what does he do? He does this: Directly he enters the forecastle he breaks into the most abominable bathos. His sleeping comrades lie peacefully in their bunks around that unambrosial place. They slumber, they dream; they are enjoying the end of their four hours' respite from their toils, yet this man enters like a vocal fiend of most violent discord to disturb them. He looks at them and he yells: "Hi, you sleepers—seven bells, here—show a leg, come!" He continues in this strain till he has uttered enough noise to awaken a dormouse in the depth of winter. Then the watch below wake up, as is only natural; they stir in their bunks, relinquish their black blankets, and crawl on to their sea chests, thence to the deck. They do not trouble themselves with any trivialties of the toilet. Life is short, fresh water is precious, and personal appearance is a frivolity at sea. One of their number proceeds to the galley—the nautical kitchen—and receives from the cook a can of so-called coffee; this, together with sea biscuits, forms the sailor's breakfast. The coffee is a black mystery stewed to distraction; the biscuit resembles an edible stone, tolerable as a curiosity, but monotonous as an article of daily diet. Yet weevils are a painstaking race of infinitesimal creatures; they love to live and die in the sea biscuit. As a hard-hearted comestible it has no rival. A sailor takes one of the things from the "bread barge" and smites it against his knee; he repeats the process, but the biscuit is imperturbable; the man becomes interested and crashes it against the corner of his sea chest; at last the "pantile" breaks, and the mariner is able to breakfast. True, some of the biscuits are soft, but the weevils generally find out this before the man. The nautical breakfast differs in various ships; in some the seamen are allowed a sort of porridge called "burgoo," or else a species of hash known as "lobscouse." These are doubtless excellent in themselves; but the careless manner in which they are cooked detracts from their good qualities. Happily, the sailor is no epicure, although he continually grumbles at his food. It is only when some meal turns out unusually bad that he becomes wrathful. In such a case he may take the articles of food back to the galley, fling them contemptuously on the floor, and utter imprecations against the cook; or, perhaps, he and his messmates will form a melancholy procession and carry the objectionable rations aft for the inspection of the captain. However, when the watch below have finished their brief breakfast they cut up some tobacco and enjoy a smoke. Then "eight bells" is struck—that is eight o'clock in the morning—and they proceed on deck to relieve their comrades. Unless the work of "holy-stoning" is being carried on, the operation of washing the decks is usually completed by "eight bells." Consequently the men who come on deck at that time betake themselves to various other duties about the ship.

The day's work at sea is full of infinite variety. In stormy and variable weather there is, of course, plenty of seamanship about the men's duties: yards have to be trimmed according to the wind, sails furled and running-gear attended to; but in calm weather the sailor develops into a curious jack of all trades. In an iron ship the rust has to be continually chipped off her sides, and this is an unenviable task on a tropical day; then there is always plenty of painting to be done. Every Saturday morning the masts have to be greased down to preserve them from the burning sun, and words fail to express how unsavory this performance is. Periodically the ropes of the vessel are tarred all over, and the tar adheres to the men's hands for months. Three or four of the best men are continually busy repairing the rigging and chafing gear, while others are continually employed about the decks, "seizing" blocks, putting new strands in ropes, etc. The boys and apprentices have generally to fetch and hold the tar and grease-pots and marline spikes for the men at work, not at all an unpleasant task in fine weather, up on a topgallant yard, out of the mate's way, although a knowledge of the art of holding on by one's eyelids is often desirable. It is curious what a quantity of work there is always to be done aboard ship.

The morning watch go below to their dinner at twelve o'clock, their comrades who came on deck to relieve them having previously been awakened from their slumbers at twenty minutes past eleven in order to partake of the mid-day meal. Here is a beautiful arrangement: These latter breakfasted at eight o'clock; after that they smoked, "yarned," mended, or washed their clothes, and turned into their bunks to sleep, but soon after eleven they are vociferously aroused to eat a dinner of hot pea soup and unpalatable salt pork. Imagine what appetite a sailor has for this unspeakable meal on a burning hot day in the tropics. Then at twelve o'clock they go on deck to relieve their mates, who come below in a state of profuse perspiration, to enjoy a similar repast. Something might be said in favor of the pea soup if it were only well prepared, but, as a rule, it is a most untempting fluid, served up in an unctuous tin. In order to lessen the monotony somewhat this compound is given to the men on alternate days, and there is a streak of philanthropy evident in this. Nor is the meat much better; one day it is salt pork, which may or may not be rancid; the next day it is a piece of baneful beef, familiarly known as "salt junk." After every meal the sailor indulges in his pipe; this is more to him than his breakfast, dinner or tea.

The average allowance in merchant ships to each man and boy is one and a half pounds of beef, or one and a quarter pounds of pork, besides about three-quarters of a pound of flour with the beef, and a full supply of pea soup with the latter. The quantity is sufficient; it is the quality that lacks. Three quarts of water are always allowed to each man per day. But ships vary a great deal, as much in the quality as the quantity of food they serve out. This depends upon the class of owners, the captain, steward, and even the cook. Some ships regularly provide pickles or butter; others serve out preserved vegetables and tinned meats twice a week; while a few do not even allow tinned meat on Sundays. But, taken in the aggregate, sailors' food is miserably bad. The flour is always more or less musty and sour, and even sometimes so full of weevils as to have quite a gray color.

The afternoon watch on deck is employed in tasks of the same kind as the duties which engaged the morning hours. A four o'clock p. m. the watch is again changed; thus it may be seen that, generally speaking, the men have four hours on duty and four off. But if this variation took place with undeviating regularity it is evident that one set of men would always be on deck the greater part of the night. They would turn out at 8 p. m., and remain on duty till midnight; then they would have four hours' rest and rise again at four in the morning; so with every night. Accordingly, in order that one watch should not always have the long night duty, there are what are nautically called the "dog watches." These are the hours between 4 p. m., and 8 p. m. The afternoon watch on deck, that go below to their tea at four o'clock, come on deck again at six o'clock; so they have their two hours' "dog watch." At eight they go below again; thus the night watches are varied. The term "dog watch," I believe, originates in the jocund idea that a dog might be able to take charge of the ship between six and eight in the evening. At six the seaman finishes his day's work as jack of all trades, and, unless there are nautical duties to be performed, owing to the variability of the weather, both watches have leisure to smoke, yarn or sing songs as the night decends upon the ocean. This is the time when the sailor appears in his most interesting and romantic aspect, especially on board the homeward-bound vessel; if the night is fine he forgets all about his many hardships, and is a light-hearted being, full of frolicsome humor.

It seems strange to consider that, as a rule, the sailor has less work to do when the weather is stormy than when it is fine. Of course, when a perilous gale of wind is blowing that carries away some of the sails and spars, or when the vessel is nearing land in a stiff breeze, there is unceasing labor for the tar. It is a thrilling sound, the cry of "All hands shorten sail," and no seaman can tell when he will be able to go below again. But on board a good ship in a strong gale, far out at sea, there is comparatively little actual work when the labor of furling the necessary sails has been accomplished. It is all watching and waiting, the hoping that something will not carry away, and cause some nasty work aloft. The seas sweep over the deck, and render all painting, chipping of iron rust, and polishing of brass-work impossible. The helmsman has the hard task then of keeping the ship from being continually flooded by the thundering waves.

After all, it is not too much to affirm that the calling of the sailor is one of the hardest on the face of the globe. He lives on a floating house of business which is always carrying him into unexpected labors, and there is considerable truth is the old nautical saying that "work at sea is never done."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

CELTIC NAMES.

Macs, O's, Murphys and Sullivans Residing in Our Four Principal Cities.

The relative numbers of Celtic inhabitants in the four principal cities of the Union must be a matter of interest to every Irish nationalist. To find out such a matter with absolute certainty would be well nigh impossible; but by means of the directories of the cities, about the Celtic population of which we desire to speak, a very close approximation can be made as to the Irish element they contain. We had recently an opportunity of examining the directories of the four principal American cities—New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston—and took the trouble to count the number of columns of each directory that contained the most common and numerous Irish names, and the results are very interesting. It will invariably be found that whenever there are the most O's and Macs, and the most Murphys and Sullivans, there is the largest Irish population; for the names Murphy and Sullivan, and names which begin with O and Mac, are the most numerous among the Celtic race. The prefix O should, by right, be retained before the names Sullivan and Murphy, but in most cases it has been discarded.

The number of names in the columns of the directories of the four cities mentioned is very nearly the same and will average about eighty. The following table gives the number of O's and Macs, Sullivan and Murphys in the four cities mentioned:

NEW YORK.	*Columns.*
Names beginning with O	49
Names beginning with Mac	138
Sullivans and Murphys combined	24
Total columns	204
PHILADELPHIA.	
Names beginning with O	28
Names beginning with Mac	176
Sullivans and Murphys combined	15
Total columns	219
CHICAGO.	
Names beginning with O	13
Names beginning with Mac	71
Sullivans and Murphys combined	28
Total columns	112
BOSTON.	
Names beginning with O	30
Names beginning with Mac	91
Sullivans and Murphys combined	31
Total columns	153

From the foregoing it will be seen, contrary to the general belief, that Philadelphia is absolutely and that Boston is relatively the most Celtic of American cities. The population of New York is, in round numbers, 1,300,000, Philadelphia 900,000, Chicago 700,000, and Boston 400,000. Philadelphia, about one-third less in population than New York, has fifteen more columns of Celtic names; but Boston, in proportion to its population, is the most Celtic of all. If New York were as Celtic as Boston its directory would have about 550 columns of O's, Macs, Sullivans and Murphys, instead of 204; and if it were as proportionately Celtic as Philadelphia its directory would contain about 300 instead of 204 columns of the Celtic names mentioned. Chicago is relatively and absolutely the least Celtic of the four cities. It is about as populous and a half as Boston, but its directory contains only 112 columns of the prominent Celtic name against 152 in the Boston directory. We use the term Celtic instead of Irish, because a considerable minority of the names beginning with Mac are Scotch rather than Irish. Boston, then, is in proportion to its population the most Celtic and the most Irish city in America.

The case of Philadelphia is curious. It is said to contain a smaller foreign-born population than any of the great cities of America, and this is probably so; yet, with the exception of Boston, it is relatively the most Celtic of the four cities. This is explained by the fact that long ago—as far back as the time when what are now known as the United States were British colonies—there was a vast tide of emigration from Ireland to this country, and the greater part of it was directed to Pennsylvania. The difference between the Irish element in Boston and Philadelphia is that in the former city it is new and in the latter it is old.

When one remembers that the prefixes O and Mac have been dropped in very nearly half the names that originally had them, and also that about fifty per cent of Irish names have been either translated or so changed that it takes some one even more trained than a savant to recognize them in their mutilated American forms, he is astonished at the immensity of the Irish element in America, and marvels how it came to pass that the million and a quarter of people that Ireland contained only two hundred years ago have grown to an inconceivable multitude that have spread absolutely over half the earth.—*Chicago Citizen.*

—Doctor—What ails you, sir? Patient—I don't know, doctor. I have such a buzzing sound in my ears all the time. Would you like to look at my tongue? Doctor—No, never mind. Bring your wife around some day. I'd like to look at hers.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

GREAT QUACKS.

Medical Frauds Whose Names Are Recorded in the Pages of History.

The great London quack of the time of Charles II. was Dr. Thomas Saffold. He was originally a weaver, but adopted the more paying business of pretending to cure all diseases and professing to foretell the destinies of his patients. The apothecaries of that time not only acted as medical quacks, but also as fortune-tellers. Queen Anne had weak eyes, and was an enthusiastic patron of vulgar ignorance in the form of eye-doctors. Two of them she fancied especially; and one of these, William Reade, she made a Baronet, although he was most wretchedly ignorant, as a "Short and Exact Account of All the Diseases Incident to the Eyes," which he published, remains to testify. Reade was a worthless tailor, but he stepped into a fashionable and paying practice after he obtained the royal favor. He was unable to read the book which he wrote (by the hand of a scribe), but that made no difference to the wealthy fools, his patrons. The Queen's other favorite quack oculist was Roger Grant, a retired cobbler and Anabaptist preacher. Grant was in the habit of publishing minute accounts of his cures, mostly a tissue of lies, but with enough truth interwoven to give a semblance of probability. His favorite plan was to secure some poor person whose sight was imperfect, and after giving him money and medicines for a few weeks persuade him to sign a testimonial that he had been born blind and had never enjoyed the sense of sight until Providence had led him to Dr. Grant, who had cured him in little more than a month. If he could buy a certificate from the clergymen and church wardens of the parish where the alleged patient lived, to the effect that the testimonial was true, very well; if he could not obtain genuine documents of this kind he could always find people to forge them for a small sum. The recent impudent certificates, apparently signed by numerous prominent people, attesting the virtues of a brand of bitters made in an Eastern city, show that the quacks of this order are still to be found plying their infamous trade. The most famous—and learned, for the time—physicians of that age, did not disdain to deal in secret nostrums. Thus, Sir Hans Sloane sold an eye salve, and Dr. Meade a remedy for hydrophobia. Consequently the quacks were justified in making what they could out of a public which was not too intelligent to be swindled by their most renowned physicians. The doctors, at least, had no reasonable ground for complaint. In the *Spectator* for July 27, 1714, there is an amusing account of a typical quack of the period, and Steele has recorded some capital anecdotes of these gentry. One of them claimed he could cure cataracts "because he had lost an eye in the Emperor's service." This evidence of ability was thought all sufficient by the good people who patronized him. One fellow, calling himself Dr. Katterfelto, traveled about with a large cage containing a number of black cats, which seemed equal to a modern diploma in the way of inspiring confidence in his powers.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

STYLES IN ADVERTISING.

What a Reliable Brooklyn Expert Has to Say About Them.

"The style of advertising has greatly changed within the past few years," said a gentleman in charge of the advertising department of one of Brooklyn's largest dry goods establishments. "An advertisement to command attention must be original. The public have tired of such 'ads.' as 'John Smith will receive his customers at his old stand,' or 'Blank & Blank sell dry goods cheaper than any other house in town.' The present generation is progressive, and to attract attention one must be original. Old fashioned 'ads.' are played out. In former years, even in such big houses as Stewart's in New York, the clerk at the button counter was delegated in his off moments to write the advertisements for the newspapers. Now all is changed. Every large business house has its separate advertising department. Some houses even employ as many as two and three men to look after their advertising. Since the pictorial craze has obtained such a foothold many firms head their columns with pictures descriptive of the goods offered for sale. And then the ad. must be written so as to attract the eye of the reader. If a firm has a quantity of underwear to sell, it is folly to say so in the first line. First get your reader interested. Talk about the North Pole; say that it is cold in that region and incidentally mention that winter is coming and that underwear at this season is not an inappropriate subject. And then, in a confidential way, tell the reader that your firm has many cases of underwear purchased at a bankrupt sale, perhaps, which will be sold at one-half its value. Intersperse if you like a witty saying here and there, but unless you wish to kill your ad. in the first line give prices. Ten years ago prices were never given. Now an ad. commands but little attention unless prices are attached."

"Do you believe in the value of advertising?"

"Certainly. Were it not for newspaper advertising and advertising by mail many firms would not be doing business. When one looks back and notes the difference between newspaper advertising twenty years ago and to-day, the changes which have taken place are marvelous. How many fortunes have been made by simply booming an inferior patent medicine! Newspaper advertising is yet in its infancy and I hope for great things in the future."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A news agent recently asked the following question: "Can you tell me what the weather is likely to be next month, as I think of taking a holiday?" The reply came: "The weather next month will be very like your account." The news agent wondered for half an hour what was the meaning of this, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent a check.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

William H. Herndon's Reminiscences of the Martyr President.

Lincoln's old law partner, William H. Herndon, was seen at the rooms of the "Lincoln Memorial Collection" entertaining several interested listeners with reminiscences of the great man during his career as an Illinois attorney.

"Yes," said Mr. Herndon, "I could always tell when Lincoln was in a good humor or not by observing him as he entered the office at nine or half-past nine in the morning. If every thing was serene and pleasant he would take a seat in one of our wooden chairs, throw his feet over the stove and begin telling yarns. He would keep this up until dinner time, and very little work would be done through the forenoon. If, on the other hand, matters had not been as pleasant as they might be, he would drop into the office in a quiet, unobtrusive way and, after taking a seat, would proceed to make his breakfast on crackers and cheese. Sometimes his depression would wear off in an hour or so and his genial, sunshiny disposition reassert itself. He was not a great student. He was what is called a case lawyer. Given a case he would first familiarize himself with all the facts and then look up the reports containing similar adjudicated cases. He was sympathetic at all times and never bitter or abusive.

"We had an odd way of keeping our accounts. We never kept any books, but when we were paid a fee would simply divide it. When Lincoln was out on the circuit making money he did just the same as when at home. If he received a ten-dollar note for services he would take five dollars, and, wrapping a piece of paper around it, with the simple word 'Billy'—that's what he always called me—written thereon would place it in his pocketbook. I asked him one day why he did this and his reply was: 'Well, if I should happen to die with some of your money in my pocket how would any one know it if it wasn't marked?' The last fee I divided with him was shortly before his inauguration as President. I had received five hundred dollars from an estate for which our firm had been doing business, and when I offered Mr. Lincoln the money he refused to take it until I told him where it came from.

"His love affairs? Oh, well, I can recall two cases, and I believe the first one, where the young lady died, had more to do with his sadness in after life than anything else. The young lady was Miss Ann Rutledge, who came to Illinois from the South. She had been engaged prior to her meeting with Mr. Lincoln, but failing to hear from the young man came to believe that he did not care for her. Mr. Lincoln was very attentive, and after a time they became engaged. A few months before they were to be married she died. The blow was a severe one to Mr. Lincoln, and it was several years before he ceased talking about her. He was rejected by a young lady in 1837, and from that time until 1842, when he married Miss Todd, he was not especially attentive to any one."

Mr. Herndon has practically retired from the law, and is engaged in farming about six miles north of Springfield.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LONG MEMORY.

Why a Veteran of the Creek War Failed to Get a Fat Pension.

While Colonel Bill Slemons, of Arkansas, was running for Congress, an old fellow named Flowery approached him and said:

"Look here, Bill, if you are elected will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, of course I will, what is it?"

"Well, you see, I fought in the Creek war, and as everybody else is getting a pension it strikes me that I ought to get a few dollars occasionally."

"Yes of course you should," taking out his memorandum book and making a note of the request. "Just as soon as I go to Washington I'll investigate the matter."

"Flowery waited anxiously but heard nothing of his pension. His friends advised him to rest easily, as the Government could not be hurried. Two years passed. Slemons came home, having announced himself as a candidate for re-election. Flowery arrived in town just as Slemons arose in the court-house yard to address his fellow citizens. The orator had spoken but a few sentences when Flowery called out:

"Helloa, Bill!"

"Why, how are you, Flowery?"

"Say, Bill, what about that pension? I hain't got a nickel yit. Didn't tend to it, did you?"

"Oh, yes. I'll see you privately after awhile."

"Never mind; see me right now. Why hain't they sent the money?"

"Flowery, I tell you that I'll see you in private.

"Yes, I understand you. You want me to take a drink with you and call it squar."

"No, I don't. You'd better wait."

"I'll be blamed if I do. Spit it right out now. I don't want no foolishness and ef you've neglected me airter I had dun voted for you, I want to know it."

"Flowery," Slemons still persisted, "just wait until I make my speech and I'll tell you why you haven't received your pension."

"I'll be blamed if I do. I've been waitin' two years an' have been talkin' you up all the time, and I'll be hanged if I'm goin' to wait any longer, so out with it now and let all these here folks know that you've dun went back on your word."

"All right, Flowery. I put in your claim and after the matter had been investigated, it was found that you were a deserter."

Flowery took off his hat, scratched his head and replied:

"W'y dad blame it, ain't they forget that yit? W'y, Bill, that was more'n forty years ago. Hump! wouldn't begrudge the finest hoss in the county ef I could ricolleck fool things as well as this Govern'ment ken. W'y, blame their fool souls, Bill, I 'lowed they forgot that long 'go."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Silence may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily make a millionaire out of a mute.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A young lady teacher in the Seward public schools fell heir to $20,000. Her name was Bogan at last accounts.—*Omaha Republican.*

—"What time did John go away last night, Mary Ann?" "It was a quarter of twelve, father." "Three," she said to herself, "are a quarter of twelve."

—A New Yorker shot at his wife, but the bullet hit nothing but her store hair. It is very hard to get at the exact boundaries of a woman nowadays.—*Omaha World.*

"I'm 'fraid of the dark!" said baby, snuggling up to mamma one night. "Why?" asked mamma. "'Cause it comes so close to me."—*Youth's Companion.*

—It is said that William D. Howells collects material for his novels by shopping with his wife. Few authors secure sufficient money return from their novels to adopt such an expensive mode of collecting material.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Customer to coal-dealer—Have you got any name for those scales of yours? "I never heard of scales having a name." "Well, you ought to call your scales ambush. You see they are always lying in weight."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A correspondent wishes to know "how to get rid of a fool." Procure a loaded gun, put your mouth over the muzzle and touch the trigger with your toe. The bullet should be swallowed whole.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Jones—I would not be surprised at any thing. Smithers—Not if an angel were to appear? Jones—Well, that might astonish me a little. "A female angel, for instance?" "Female angel? There ain't any other kind; not much."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—An instrument has been invented called a plethysmograph, which measures the expenditure of mental force in thinking. A man in financial difficulties, who has a note to meet, will, it is estimated, wear out two plethysmographs a day.—*Boston Courier.*

—Two young women were gazing in a shop window. Said one, "Isn't it a love of a bonnet! I'm tempted to buy it, even if it is expensive." Said the other, "No, don't you do it; you are too excited now. You would be sure to regret it to-morrow morning."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Calino receives a letter from Madagascar. It is dated from Maujakaudarianambana. "Why do they use such long names?" asks one of his friends. "Because," replied Calino, "it is a country where there is nothing in particular to do, and they say two or three words to kill the time."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Magistrate—The young woman says that your continued staring at her annoyed her excessively. Prisoner—I never intentionally annoyed a woman in my life, your Honor. Magistrate—Then why did you stare at her so persistently? Prisoner—Because she is pretty, and I couldn't help it. Young woman—Let him go, judge!—*Life.*

—Mrs. Anglomaniac—I can not tell you what a treat it is to hear you talk. You have been in England so long that every word you utter reminds me of the delightful lords and dukes I used to meet. Returned tourist—Pardon me, but England is the only country that I did not visit. Mrs. Anglomaniac—Indeed! How very strange! I was sure you had unconsciously acquired the English vocal tones. Returned tourist—No; it is only a cold in my head.—*Glen Rose Falcon.*

SHE HAD TO DIE.

A Chicken Which Was Altogether to Expensive to Live.

She rushed to the telephone and rung it madly. They connected her with the veterinary surgeon and her message was brief and concise.

"Come right out. You're wanted at once. Don't wait for the car, but take a coupe, and get out as quick as you can."

And he came rushing out.

"What is it?"

"Poor Henrietta Maria! She's very sick."

"Henrietta Maria? Who's she!"

"Oh, she's very sick."

"I suppose it's a new mare she's been buying," the doctor said to himself. "Where is she?"

"She's lying on a lot of straw in a warm corner of the stable, and oh, doctor, I'm afraid she will die. You must save her."

So they rushed out together to the stable.

He didn't see any sick mare, but she led him into a corner and pointed to something there, very small.

"What is it?"

"It's Henrietta Maria, my pet chicken. She's so sick."

The vet was something taken aback, but he laughed, and having examined the chicken, and done something for it, he departed. It was a week later, and her husband looked up from his dinner.

"By the way, my dear, I paid the vet a bill to-day. I don't recollect sending for him, but he said you knew about it. You never told me that he had been here."

"Oh, I forgot, dear. I want you to go into Jones' when you go down to-morrow and tell them to save me some—"

"Yes, but what was the vet up there about?"

"I had a letter from New York to-day and they're all just disappointed to death because—"

"Yes; but what did you do with the vet?"

"It was for Henrietta Maria."

"Who is Henrietta Maria?"

"It was—she is—well—she is a chicken, and she was taken sick."

"Great Scott! a chicken! a six-bit chicken! and here's the bill:

"For services, $15; for coupe, $2.50; total, $17.50."

"Anna" (to servant), "tell Lee to ring Henrietta Maria's neck and cook her for dinner to-morrow night. It is not every day a fellow can eat a $17.50 chicken. She's too expensive to live."—*San Francisco Journal.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Among the orange trees of Versailles is one more than four centuries old, which was planted by Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Charles III.

—A prisoner in the Santa Clara County jail, California, has invented a water-wheel which is said to be a great improvement on the turbine wheel.

—In a party of eleven prisoners recently taken from Albany, N. Y., to the insane asylum at Auburn, were seven men who were guilty of murder.—*Albany Journal.*

—A Woodland (Cal.) paper gives the pleasing information that the road to Hell's Half-Acre has been graded and graveled and is now in a passable condition.

—A gentleman in Culpeper, Va., has been regularly paying taxes on three one thousand dollar bonds which he supposed he owned, but which, it has lately been ascertained, were stolen by his agent several years ago.—*Baltimore American.*

—A young man in Lancaster, Pa., before going to bed the other night, hung his pantaloons upon the gas jet. The weight of the clothes opened the stop, letting the gas out and the young man was found dead the next morning.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—While Mrs. Rebecca Phillips, of Blairsville, Ga., was milking, recently, she fell back with a pain in her head and died in great agony that night. The cow, apparently perfectly healthy, was similarly stricken and died at the same time.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Grapes are now recommended as a remedy for obesity. A pound of grapes is given the patient to be eaten the first day, and this amount is increased until he can eat five or six pounds a day. Other food is gradually lessened, and the diet at last consists wholly of grapes.—*Chicago Times.*

—Fashionable Parisians are wearing a new charm. It consists of a little crystal locket, in which is inclosed a four-leaved clover, which, as we all know, infallibly brings good luck and the fulfillment of every wish to its wearer. This charm comes from Austria, where four-leaved clovers abound, so it seems.

—The public is reminded by the New York *Evening Post* that Adam and Eve first saw the light of day on the 28th of October, 4,004 B. C., and, says the *Post*, "it is curious that the anniversary should have been unwittingly selected for the unveiling of the marvelous statue of Liberty, the fairest of Eve's daughters."

—Richard Comstock, of Monroe County, Oregon, wore boots whose soles were fastened on with brass wire. Recently the leather shrunk and exposed a piece of the wire. A small particle of the wire entered his foot and made its way up toward the knee. Blood-poisoning set in and Comstock died.—*Chicago Mail*

—Near Pembroke, Me., recently William Reynolds met with a serious accident while clearing up wild land with a yoke of oxen. His team started unexpectedly while he was hooking to a root and drew the chain hook through the palm of his hand and out at the side of the wrist. He nearly bled to death before reaching town.

—It is estimated by agents of the Department of Agriculture that the bobolink, which is one of our sweetest song birds, and entirely inoffensive here at the North, causes an annual loss to the rice planters of the South of between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. Dr. Merriam, of the department, suggests the training of hawks for keeping these birds away from the ricefields.—*Washington Post.*

—A Shaker in a settlement near Albany tells a newspaper reporter that, while the order is a little over one hundred years old, it numbers only seventeen societies, averaging from one hundred to two hundred members each. Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Ohio and Kentucky are the States in which they exist, and their numbers are diminishing.—*Albany Express.*

—It is told that at a Hoosier reunion in Kansas every thing was lovely, and the spirits of the meeting were flowing freely in a stream of good feeling for the old State. The sentiment for Hoosierland finally culminated in a resolution, which was unanimously adopted. The resolution was as follows: "*Resolved*, That Indiana is a great State, that we will never go back on her, and, also, that we will never go back to her."—*Kansas City Star.*

—"Pies open all night" is a sign in a New York restaurant, and a Bowery placard reads "Home-made Dining-rooms, Family Oysters." A West Broadway restaurateur sells "Home-made Pies, Pastry and Oysters." An East Broadway caterer retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Lager Beer." A Sixth avenue barber hangs out a sign reading "Boots Polished Inside." On another street the following catches the eye: "Washin Ironing and Going Out by the Day Done Here."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The latest industry developed in New York is a search of the street-car tracks and the gutters after midnight with a dark lantern for lost articles. One man says he makes a fair living by picking up things in the street, and that he has found as much as seven dollars in small coins of a single morning. It had been dropped by people hurrying and crowding upon the horse-cars. Besides money, watches, knives, keys, trinkets, hand satchels, revolvers, bundles, opera glasses, etc., sometimes reward the search of the gatherer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The mania for collecting postage stamps seems to be gaining more ground than ever in France, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Among the most famous collectors in France is a man who has over a million postage stamps preserved in thirteen richly bound volumes, and another who keeps two clerks employed in classifying and arranging his enormous collections. Added to this, there are in Paris about one hundred and fifty wholesale firms employed in the trade, and one of the best known of these has lately offered from twenty to forty pounds for certain stamps.